

NEW DEVELOPMENT IN THE FIUME CRISIS

The Daily Mirror

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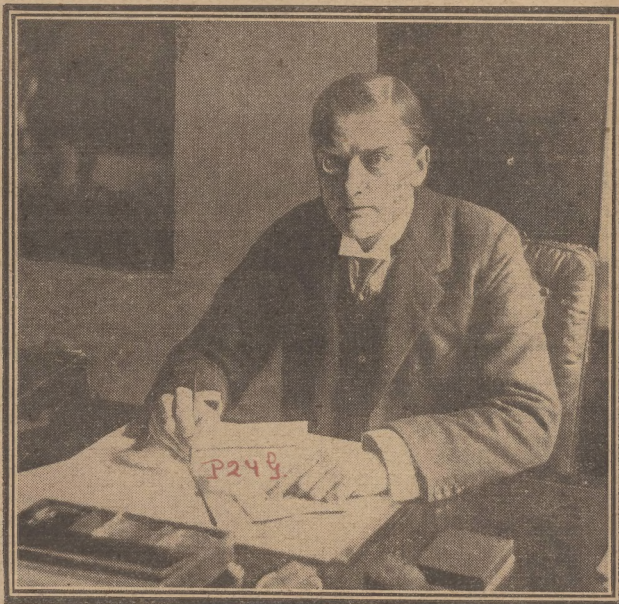
[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

MORE TAXES—THE BUDGET MAKER AT HIS SUSSEX HOME



Diane groups the family on the lawn and takes their photograph.



Mr. Austen Chamberlain in his study working out Budget problems.



Reading over his Budget speech.



Diane with her pet goats.



Joe Chamberlain, junr.



The family in the garden. Like his father, Austen, junr., is very fond of plants and flowers.



Botany is the Chancellor's favourite hobby.

On Wednesday Mr. Austen Chamberlain will make his Budget statement in the House of Commons, and it is anticipated that there will be many additions to the already heavy burdens. It may also be the first Budget in which a scheme of Colonial Prefer-

ence is proposed. The photographs were taken at the Chancellor's country seat in Sussex, and show him enjoying a little relaxation with his family after the heavy work of dealing with the country's finance.—(Daily Mirror exclusive photographs.)

TRAGEDY OF DEATH OF TWO IN A FLAT.

Trail That was Seen Across the Hall.

PET DOG SUFFOCATED.

A domestic tragedy, involving, it would seem, a common understanding on the part of a man and wife to die together, was enacted at 1, Victoria-Grove, Friern Park, North Finchley, on Friday night.

The discovery of the tragedy, however, was not made until Saturday afternoon.

The occupants of the ground floor, Mr. Ingram Cecil Chapman, who is employed at a City bank, and his wife were found with wounds in their throat and the gas turned on.

Mr. Chapman was forty-five years of age and his wife thirty-seven. They always appeared happy, say the neighbours.

A neighbour who had not seen the Chapmans all day, and had been surprised by the continued silence, summoned a policeman.

Her fears had been aroused by a tiny trail of spots crossing the hall from the bedroom to the sitting-room.

RUSH OF GAS.

As there was no reply to his knock he turned the handle. The door was not locked, but as he opened it there was a rush of escaping gas, which caused him to fall back.

In the room he found Mrs. Chapman dead. On the bed was a razor, and lying beside the body of his mistress was a little dog dead from asphyxiation.

In another room opposite, lying across a chair just inside the door, was the body of Mr. Chapman. A second razor was lying near the man. The tragedy contains evidence of an understanding between husband and wife to die together.

There was no sign of any struggle having taken place, and the tenant of the flat upstairs had heard no unusual sounds.

On the bed was a Prayer Book, stained on the page where the couple had evidently been reading only a few moments before the mortal wounds were inflicted.

"GROPING IN THE DARK."

How Our Troops Fought Against Foe and Nature in Africa.

The marvellous feats of our troops in the East African campaign are described by Lieutenant-General Sir J. L. Deventer, Commander-in-Chief, in a dispatch published to-day in the *London Gazette*, describing the operations from September 1 to the end of hostilities.

The commander lays emphasis on the trying nature of the operations, fighting in the bush causing a "feeling of depression" in those who have been accustomed to more open warfare, while the sensation of continually groping in the dark tried the moral and physical courage of the bravest.

SPIRITUALIST GENERAL.

Sir A. Conan Doyle on Invocation of Dead Heroes.

"I know that one of our greatest Army leaders is a pronounced Spiritualist," said Sir Arthur Conan Doyle at a memorial service for members of the Spiritualists' National Union who fell in the war at the Albert Hall last evening.

During the Russo-Japanese War, said Sir Arthur, Admiral Togo invoked the spirits of his lost heroes, and when we were advanced in psychic knowledge as Japan, not only insignificant civilians, but our great leaders in the Navy and Army would be found invoking their dead heroes.

The brave men who had given their lives, whether on the sea or on land or in the air, were with them that night, and the message they brought from the other side of the border was, "Do not sorrow, but rejoice."

Sir Arthur related the dialogue of a soldier from the spirit world at a seance held after the commemoration service to the first seven divisions.

In reply to questions, the friend who lost his life thus described the meeting: "There was too much ceremony and we felt out of it. They praised the dead. We are not dead, though they did not see us. I was disappointed. Many felt we were there, but they were swamped by the scoffers and unbelievers."

KEEP YOUR RATION BOOKS.

"Although no coupons for rationed articles will be left in the books," a Ministry of Food official states, "the books will still be needed." They should be produced when buying meat, sugar or butter, although the shopkeeper will no longer require coupons.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

All over Britain wind from some northerly point, strong and squally at times. Cloudy or variable sky, some showers of snow, sleet, hail or rain. Temperature very low for time of year.



Mr. Sydney Valentine, who announced the concession to actors.

BUDGET FORECAST.

Liquor Trade To Be Subjected To Further Imposts.

ANOTHER LEVY ON TOBACCO?

By Our Parliamentary Correspondent.

There is not likely to be anything of a very novel character in Mr. Chamberlain's Budget statement on Wednesday.

The estimated expenditure for 1919-20 is £1,500,000,000, of which £400,000,000 is for war debt charges, and the estimated deficit is £850,000,000.

Towards this sum £850,000,000 will, it is calculated, accrue to the Exchequer from (1) sale of Government stores, factories and buildings and (2) part repayment of loans made to Allies.

The residue will come from fresh taxation. The shrewdest business men predict the following plans:—

Death Duties.—Increased.

Income Tax.—Increased tax on incomes on the higher scale.

Excess Profits Tax.—To be reduced to 60 per cent. It now stands at 80 per cent., and is producing £300,000,000 a year.

Business Profits.—Graduated tax on all trade profits exceeding more than a 10 per cent. return on capital invested.

Beer.—A higher duty, modified by promise of a rebate and of higher gravity.

Spirits.—Increased tax.

Wine.—Increased tax.

Tobacco.—Increased tax.

It is understood that in contemplating a further impost on beer and spirits the Chancellor's object is to draw the extra revenue from the brewer and distiller instead of from the consumer.

It is quite on the cards that taxpaying fathers may get further income tax abatement in respect of children.

SUNK WHILE BANDS PLAY

Mr. Daniels Mentions a Suggestion About the German Warships.

The significance of the surrender of the German Fleet was the subject of a suggestive, since never before in the world's history had such a powerful fleet tamely surrendered without a struggle and destroyed at one fell blow the possibility of a future navy for Germany.

Such was the statement made by Mr. Daniels, United States Naval Secretary, yesterday after having inspected the German ships at Scapa Flow.

"I don't think the solution will be a difficult one," he said. "One suggestion is that the ships should be taken out to sea and sunk with ostentation, with bands playing and flags flying, as a great moral lesson. Another suggestion is that the ships should be divided amongst the Allied nations on some ratio to be agreed upon."

"So far as the United States is concerned, my feeling is that we should not desire any of them ourselves."

FREEDOM OF TRADE.

"Full Speed Ahead" Order for British Industry.

British traders and manufacturers will welcome the Board of Trade's announcement that, with but few minor exceptions, all controls on the sale and distribution of commodities exercised under the Defence of the Realm Act are abolished, or will be on May 31 at latest.

The principal exceptions are fuel and gas, glass, leather (partial), petrol (orders as to vouchers and returns) and wool.

This step may be termed the "full speed ahead" order for British industry.

4d. TRAM FARE NOW 5d.

"Revised fares in operation on this service to-day."

Such was the notice displayed yesterday on the London County Council tramscars throughout South London.

Over forty routes were affected.

Comparing pre-war fares with present, a full return journey will cost 8d., as against 5d., 4d., a workman's single 3d., as against 1d., return (full journey) 5d., as against 2d.

HAMPSTEAD'S MAYOR DEAD.

Mayor of Hampstead since 1913, Alderman Ernest O'Brien died last night at Hampstead at the age of fifty-three. Retiring from the Burmah Woods and Forestry Service in 1895, he started business in the import trade in the City.

ACTORS' CHARTER.

Concessions That Have Been Granted by West End Managers.

"A.A." AND MR. C. B. COCHRAN.

The dispute between the Actors' Association and Mr. C. B. Cochran was discussed at a general meeting of the Actors' Association held at His Majesty's Theatre yesterday. Representatives of the Variety Artists' Federation, Amalgamated Musicians' Union and the National Association of Theatrical Employees were also present.

Mr. Sydney Valentine, who presided, explained the new terms entered into by the West End Managers' Association. These include:—

A minimum wage of £3 a week.

Double rate of pay for Sunday rehearsals.

All engagements to be for a run of pieces, but for not less than six weeks, rehearsals up to four weeks to be paid for at rate of £2 per week, exclusive of Sundays, afterwards at £3 per week.

The rehearsals to begin only when all artists are present.

A resolution was passed declaring that if the efforts of the joint committee do not secure the withdrawal of Mr. Cochran's boycott of members of the association no member, after June 1, would accept an engagement to appear in the cast of any company controlled or managed by Mr. Cochran unless all the cast were members of the association.

It was decided to start a fund to protect members who should be affected by the resolution, £1,000 being aimed at. A collection was spontaneously started and £250 was quickly raised.

"BLESSING THE DAMES."

To Superintend Cleaners—Surrey Vicar's Innovation.

Seven women were publicly blessed, under the title of "Church Dames," by the vicar of St. Alban's, Teddington, yesterday.

The ceremony, which lasted only a few minutes, was formed before the morning service, the women kneeling to receive the blessing before the altar.

The vicar, the Rev. Herbert Williams, told the *Daily Mirror* that he had suggested the office of "Church Dames" (which, in other words, only meant a committee of women to superintend the cleaning of the church).

"It has been a custom of mine to give a public blessing on my churchwardens and sidesmen when they take office for the year, and this year I suggested that the 'Church Dames' should be included."

"I am surprised that this simple suggestion should have created public interest," said Mr. Williams. "The wife of one of my churchwardens has superintended the cleaning of the church vestry for some time."

Mrs. Stevens, the wife of the churchwarden aluded to, told the *Daily Mirror* that all the dames had been church workers for some time. "We all love our work, which is purely voluntary," she added.

£4,300 MATINEE.

Big Success of Mr. George Robey's Concert for Printers.

There was a crowded house at the London Coliseum yesterday afternoon when Mr. George Robey gave his concert in aid of the Printers' Pension Corporation for the support of children of printers who have fallen in the war.

Many of the stalls had been sold for two and five guineas each, whilst a number of the boxes had fetched generous prices, such as the box originally bought by the *Daily Mirror* for 100 guineas and afterwards purchased by Mr. James White for £250.

A feature of the programme was the rendering of "The Fringes of the Fleet," which was conducted by the composer, Sir Edward Elgar.

MILNER FOR EGYPT.

To Study Cause of Recent Troubles on the Spot.

Lord Milner, it was said in political circles, is going to Egypt soon to study the troubles in Cairo on the spot. (See page 11.)

Dr. E. W. Barnes, Canon of Westminster and Master of the Temple, addressing the Royal Society of St. George yesterday in Westminster Abbey, said that Egypt was aflame with revolt, even to the small villages, as the result, it was alleged, of the British agents resorting during the war to forced labour to build the line to Constantinople. He hoped that story was not true, but it was a bad business at the best and a blot to the fair name of England.

SUSPECTED RABIES IN SURREY.

Another case of suspected rabies is reported from West Byfleet close to the scene of the original case.

A resident informed the police yesterday that a thirteen-year-old boy and a white spaniel was found at the mouth and did not recognise him and had made several attempts to bite him. The dog was ordered to be shot and the carcass sent yesterday morning to the Board of Agriculture for examination.

SOLDIERS WHO FIND "MEN IN POSSESSION."

Famous Solicitor Urges Marital Law Reform.

INTERLOPER PROBLEM.

A great deal of interest has been aroused in legal circles by the outspoken protest of Mr. Ralph Banks, the South-Western Police Court magistrate, about the state of the law as it affects soldiers who return home to find another man in possession.

As things stand the wife can take the soldier's savings and his furniture and make them over to the other man without being convicted of stealing so long as she does not actually leave her husband.

"Recent experiences in our London police courts have certainly revealed a lamentable state of things as affecting the home-coming soldier and his wife, his home and the children," said Mr. Harry Wilson, the famous solicitor, in conversation with a representative of the *Daily Mirror*.

"The common-sense advice of the average man to a soldier who returns home to find the circumstances outlined by Mr. Ralph Banks in his very human and sensible protest would be to 'out' the man in possession and take immediate possession of the children and the furniture."

"So far as the law is concerned, it should be altered so that a woman, whether living with her husband or not, can be punished for the criminal offence of theft, and the other man should be rendered liable to the law as a receiver."

UNFAITHFUL WIVES.

"As things stand, the wronged husband's position is a most unfortunate one, for it is questionable if in detinue either husband or wife can sue each other," continued Mr. Wilson.

"At the same time, if word is received every soldier who returns to find his wife unfaithful that her infidelity has deprived her of any right to maintenance."

In my humble opinion there should be an immediate reconstruction of the law as affecting these particular cases."

"How must a soldier feel, having returned, to find that his wife and children have transferred their affections to the man in possession, when he discovers the law does not even allow him to recover the goods which the wife has made over to the interloper?"

"DREAMY" GIRL MISSING.

Mystery of a Young Clerk Who Disappeared from Home.

Another London girl has disappeared from her home.

Elsie Lidbury, aged sixteen, who worked at the National Insurance offices at Kew, was last seen by an acquaintance at 8 p.m. on Richmond Station on February 22, her mother last saw her at 8 a.m. on that day.

Since being seen by an acquaintance at eight o'clock the same evening on Richmond Station no trace of her can be obtained.

Her mother states that the girl had little money or anything that she would require. She is a clever but dreamy girl, having taken honours at London University in several subjects. She speaks French.

Miss Lidbury is described as being 5ft. 2½in. in height, very stout, with dark curly hair, and grey eyes. She was wearing a dark mauve velvet dress, and a dark brown coat.

'RED' THREAT IN HUNGARY

General Berthelot Says the Allies Will Restore Order.

News from Hungary is still scarce.

One reliable message, however, says the Exchange, contains a Communist threat to assassinate some hundreds of prisoners, mostly of well-to-do families, as soon as Rumanian or Allied troops enter Hungary.

General Berthelot has arrived at Hermannstadt and has issued a proclamation advising that Allied troops will occupy Hungary and restore order.

It is reported from the Ukraine, says the Exchange, that the 20,000 Bolsheviks who had surrendered have agreed to fight with the Ukrainians and that others will follow them.

A Bolshevik wireless, says the Wireless Press, states that two British destroyers bombarded their trenches in the Ukraine.

INVERNESS FRACAS ECHO.

On Saturday leave to American sailors at the United States base and on nine-sweeping vessels in Inverness Firth was stopped as a result of a melee in Inverness on Friday.

Chief Petty Officer William Onderick, U.S.N., was remitted to the sheriff's court on the same day on a charge of assaulting the police.

Racing Notes, Programme and Selections. Football, Boxing and General Sporting News will be found on pages 14 and 15.

NEW TURN IN FIUME DRAMA—GREAT SNOWSTORM



Mr. Nelson Page

Rome Story That Mr. Nelson Page, the U.S. Ambassador, Is To Resign.

"DISAPPROVES OF ATTITUDE OF MR. WILSON."

Fiume Drama.—There was a dramatic new turn in the Fiume crisis during the week-end.

According to a Rome message Mr. Nelson Page, the U.S. Ambassador in Rome, before leaving for Paris declared that as he did not approve of Mr. Wilson's attitude he would resign. Furthermore, this message says U.S. officers and men have taken part in all the demonstrations.

The Rome Parliament meets at 2 p.m. to-morrow.

U.S. AMBASSADOR LEAVES FOR PARIS.

Mr. Nelson Page and Mr. Wilson's Attitude.

ROME, Saturday Night.

Mr. Nelson Page, U.S. Ambassador to Rome (since 1913), has left for Paris.

Before his departure he declared that he did not approve of President Wilson's attitude and would resign.

The papers are full of accounts of demonstrations throughout the country.

Meanwhile American officers and men have expressed indignation at Wilson's message and have taken part in all the demonstrations.

At Bologna an American officer delivered a speech denouncing the President's move.—Central News.

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, born in 1853, is a man of letters, well known on both sides of the Atlantic by his novels, especially "In Old Virginia" and "Red Rock," his poems, and his biography of the Southern hero, Robert E. Lee.

COMPROMISE IN POCKET.

Proposal Which Orlando Is Believed to Have Taken to Rome.

President Wilson, says a Central News Paris message, read the draft of his statement to Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Clemenceau on Sunday last and intimated his intention of publishing it. They both strongly urged him to defer doing so, and the result was that President Wilson withheld the statement until Wednesday.

The fact is emphasised that the statement set forth the American point of view, and that the approval of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Clemenceau was neither asked for nor given, as that would have stultified the attitude they had taken regarding the carrying out of the Pact of London.

An Italian official declares that Italy will never give way on the question of Fiume. If the pact is denied her, he says, Italy will refuse to sign the peace treaty, and in this event the Pact of London will prevent the other Allies from signing.

On the other hand, it is generally understood that Signor Orlando took back with him to Rome a compromise proposal in black and white, which he would be prepared to adhere to conditionally upon receiving the necessary mandate from his Government.

Signor Orlando, who was enthusiastically received in Rome, said: "I do not conceal from you the danger of this very critical hour," and asked two questions:—

"I am going to ask you two questions:—
"1. Have we done well in leaving Paris?
"2. The situation is very grave. The honour of the country is in danger. Even if we should remain alone we must insist on obtaining what is ours. Are you ready to support me?"
"I do not want an answer to this question now," continued Signor Orlando, "but you

THE FOUR ????

What will Italy decide about Fiume?
What will Mr. Wilson do if it is true that the U.S. Ambassador in Rome is resigning?
What will Japan do about the Kiaochow question?
Will the Germans sign the peace?

must be ready to face privations, because the Italian people knows hunger, but knows not shame." (Great cheers.)—Exchange.

General Diaz next spoke and, according to the Exchange correspondent, appealed to the soldiers and veterans to be ready to do their duty.

The Premier and his companions subsequently joined the King on the balcony of the Royal Palace, when there was another enthusiastic scene.

In Italian circles it is declared that there are no grounds for the statement that the Adriatic question is on the way to settlement.

There has been no change in the situation. It is also untrue that Italian troops are marching on Fiume. Fiume is already in Italian occupation, and whatever may ensue there is a question of the dispatch of reinforcements to the town.

Fiction and Fact.—The *Berliner Tageblatt* says: "The American-Italian incident will have no influence on the negotiations of the German delegates."

In some cases, however, says a Reuter Copenhagen message, the Germans are apparently already trying to make capital out of the Italian incident.

The Italian Parliament has been summoned to assemble on Tuesday at two o'clock.—Exchange Rome message.

BIG STRIKE TO "HOLD UP" FRANCE ON MAY 1.

No Trains, Trams, Buses, Taxis or Telegrams for 24 Hours.

PARIS (received yesterday).

At a meeting of representatives of all the transport unions, held at the Labour Bureau, it was decided that arrangements made in connection with May 1 celebrations also applied to the transport workers, and that, therefore, there would be a general strike of twenty-four hours for all the transport services.

This includes the Metropolitan, Nord Sud and similar underground railways, omnibuses, trams, taxis and delivery vans, and is to be applied throughout France.

The postal, telegraph and telephone services have decided to mark their sympathy with the Labour Day celebrations. The day shift will not begin their work until 2 p.m.

The personnel of the big drapery and fancy stores are joining in the movement, and will take a whole day's holiday. The Musicians' Union has decided that a strike of a quarter of an hour, not to be included in the strike, is to be observed at each performance in theatres, concerts and cinemas on May 1.—Reuter's Special

BRITAIN IN GRIP OF WINTER AGAIN.

Snow Everywhere—29 Lives Lost in a Tug.

5,000 WIRES AFFECTED.

"April's Christmas!" was a comment yesterday on London's day of snowfall and slush.

Morning rain—gusts were succeeded by whirlwind snow, which soon began to lay, and gave London streets and buildings quite a "Christmassy" aspect.

The temperature readings were very low, the highest maximum temperature reported from the health resorts was 49deg. at Bournemouth, and many minimum temperature readings were below freezing point; 21deg. were reported at Eskdalemuir and 27deg. at Cranwell and Harrogate.

At 6 p.m. at Kensington Palace yesterday 33deg. were registered.

MYSTERY BUSES.

Snow-ploughs were used to facilitate the movement of the tramcars in Wood Green and Finchley. The ploughs must have impressed on the mind of every beholder the phenomenal character of the snowstorm of the last days of April. Some buses in South-East London had to be withdrawn.

"Where does this bus go to?" was a question London bus drivers and conductors grew tired of answering last night.

Even seasoned travellers were at a loss, for vehicle after vehicle hove in view presenting a clean white front to the waiters at the stopping stages.

The heavy and continuous snowstorm made "mystery" buses of them all. Even the illuminated numbers were partly obliterated.

Empty trains running all through the night was the N.E. London Railway Company's method of keeping the lines clear, so that the public could travel from Richmond to Broad-street this morning.

PILGRIMS IN THE SNOW.

Only one outside passenger was discovered by a *Daily Mirror* representative in the course of a walk along the Strand and Fleet-street. He was curled up under an ample umbrella.

The Pilgrim Preachers completed their 110 miles evangelist march from Bath to London yesterday afternoon, reaching the Marble Arch at 4 p.m. in a snowstorm.

The *Daily Mirror* Aberdeen correspondent wires: "The North of Scotland is experiencing the heaviest of snowstorms."

At Aberdeen the snow lies several inches deep, and efforts are being made to prevent the stoppage of the railways.

Drifts 4ft. deep and a universal depth of 7in. is the report from South and East Scotland, where many sheep and lambs have been lost.

Other messages state:—
Sheffield District.—Fierce blizzard of snow and sleet. The local moors are two inches deep in snow.

Lancashire.—Heavy snowstorm, the heaviest known for this time of the year.

Derbyshire Peak hi is as snow-covered.

Telegraph Wires Down.—According to reports from Liverpool and Sheffield and other centres, the telegraph and 'phone services have been considerably dislocated.

Five thousand telephone wires are affected in London, many poles and wires being down; while communication is interrupted between London, Dover, Liverpool, Bournemouth, King's Lynn and Cambridge.

The Atlantic Flight.—Huge icebergs have grounded off the entrance to St. John's Harbour. The competing armen do not consider flight possible for a few days yet.—Wireless.

CHANNEL TUG SUNK.

29 Lives Lost in Sinking of Naval Supply Boat.

BRUSSELS, Sunday.

The *Soir* publishes the following telegram from Ostend:—

The British tug *Hughli*, which regularly crosses from Ostend to Dover with supplies for the British Navy, was caught in a violent storm off Middelkerke and sank.

Of the crew of thirty-nine men twenty-nine were lost.

Two of the survivors are seriously injured.—Reuter.

Laden with coal, the s.s. *Sirdar*, from the Mersey to Antwerp, was caught in the gale off the Welsh coast and had to be beached at Llandudno in a sinking condition, the crew wading ashore.

4,750-TON TIMBER RAFT.

A huge raft of timber, containing 4,750 tons of wood, as much as would fill more than five ordinary timber steamers, has arrived safely from Norway at Ipswich Dock in tow, with a crew of five aboard.

"BIG THREE" CONFER ON THE MONEY QUESTION.

German Advance Guard on the Right to Move About.

HEAR TERMS ON THURSDAY.

PARIS, Sunday.

President Wilson, M. Clemenceau and Mr. Lloyd George conferred to-day, both in the morning and this evening on the recommendations contained in the report of the Financial Commission.

To-day the French Foreign Office received the first document transmitted directly between France and Germany since 1914.

It consists of a letter of no great importance written in German by Baron von Lersner, head of the German mission, on the subject of the German delegates' right of movement.—Reuter.

The advance guard of the German peace delegates is already at Versailles, and this week will see the arrival, too, of the six chief delegates.

Besides the six chief delegates whose names have already been announced, the list includes about 120 persons, says the Exchange, and the special train of the delegation will leave Berlin to-day and should arrive at Versailles to-morrow evening. It is expected that the Peace Treaty will be delivered on Thursday.

WHAT HUNS DEMAND.

In Berlin political circles it is thought that the prospects of peace have improved.

Herr Fehrenbach, president of the National Convention, says Germany will not sign peace unless all prisoners of war are set free, the blockade is raised, and the Saar district and the town of Danzig remain German.

The opinion prevails in leading circles, says the Exchange, that events in connection with the Italian situation will have no influence on the discussion of the peace preliminaries.

The Japanese, says the Exchange, still claim that they won't sign, and will withdraw if their demands in respect to Shantung are not granted.

It is probable that at the plenary session to-day a revised League of Nations Covenant will be submitted for approval at the same time as various amendments, such as the Japanese equality amendment and the Belgian plea for Brussels as the League capital in place of Geneva.

MUNICH "REDS" PRINTING £5,000,000 IN NOTES.

Airmen's Desperate Effort to Take News to the Town.

The Munich Communists, by reason of their lack of money, have had new bank notes printed to a value of £5,000,000.

The general strike in Munich has been broken off owing to the depression prevailing. The Police President of Munich is now the Locksmith Dorosh.

Munich (according to a German Government report) receives news and communications daily from Bamberg by means of airmen.

The Communists try to prevent the spread of news from without the city. Approaching airmen are fired at, but, so far, without result.

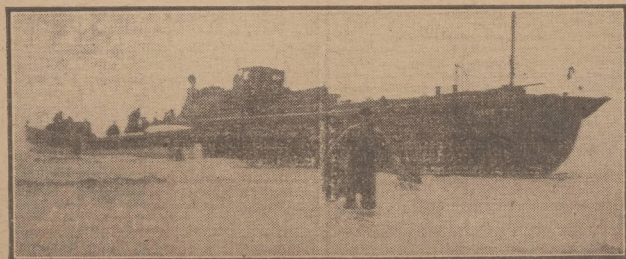
The picking up of the messages dropped is forbidden on pain of death.—Wireless Press.

A movement against Munich is to be initiated and it is expected that the Government troops will enter the town in the course of this week.

The Spartacists have fortified some small villages outside Munich, and are prepared for a desperate struggle.

Red Terror in Bavaria.—The position of the Premier Hoffmann is very bad. It is feared that Bolshevism will conquer the whole country. Nuremberg Fighting.—Twenty Communists, Freund and Balzer, have been arrested at Nuremberg, and their leader, Dr. Schmidt, was killed in resisting the authorities.

Several street fights took place on Friday. All the public buildings have been occupied by Government troops.—Exchange.



A large Government motor-lighter, X 59, driven ashore at Hastings yesterday. The lifeboat can be seen at the side and men wading ashore.

Gorrings



S.R. 350
49/6



COSTUME DEPT.

C. Una—Attractive Skirt for afternoon or evening wear. Made in Black Chiffon Taffeta of superior quality. Finished at foot with novel cable stitching, and at waist with stiched stole ends. Price **58/6**

C. Ursula—Useful Skirt made in good quality Chiffon Taffeta. Smartly finished with cable stitching and neat waist-band. In Black or Navy. Length. Several sizes. Price **33/6**

SILK ROBE DEPT. (Ground Floor).

S.R. 350—New Shantung Silk Robe. The bodice is daintily embroidered at neck in smart, contrasting shades, and trimmed with the shirred waist left in one and tied at both sides. The skirt is plain with deep hem. In shades of Sky, Pink, Saxe, Grey, Vieux Rose, Amethyst, Rosada, Bottle Green, Navy, Black, also in Natural. **Exceptional Value 49/6**

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X 20.—Smart All White Mackintosh, becoming shape, with belt and patch pockets, raglan sleeves. Length 48, 48, 50, 52 in.

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X 50.—Exceptional value in Rain Coat in shades ofawn. Smart cut shape with wide collar and revers, slip pockets.

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X 28.—Useful Mackintosh in various shades of Fawn. Raglan sleeves and flap pockets. This smart shape may be worn with or without belt. Priced extremely low. Length—48 in., 50 in., 52 in.

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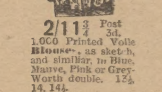
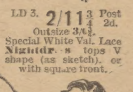
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A Bargain in Fine Black Cashmere finish. Long & Double He band Ties. Scarfless. For 1, Fast Wear. Recommended for hard wear.



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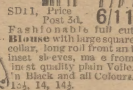
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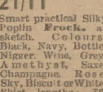
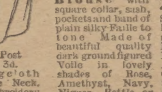
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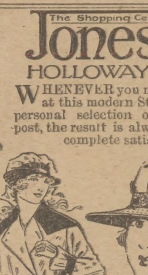


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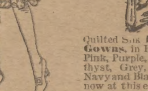
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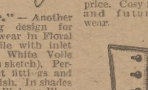
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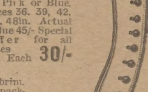
“Phyllis.”—Practical and becoming. Suede Cloth Hat with stitched brim and French flower motif. Fawn top with Jade or Navy underlining. Price **8/6** (Postage 2d.).



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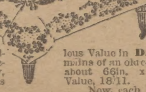
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Daily Mirror

MONDAY, APRIL 28, 1919.

WHAT OTHER QUESTIONS?

THE worked-up agitation against President Wilson has now reached the climax of vulgar abuse in Italy. He who was but yesterday the chosen hero of the Italians is now the "American Kaiser." And you would think that the whole life of Italy now, as always, depended on the possession of a port on the Eastern Adriatic.

Why was it, then, that the Italian Secret Diplomats did not ask for that so essential port when they asked for so much—and got it—in the Treaty of London?

These questions and others have been put to the *Italian people* by Wilson. And his experiment in open speech has another supreme merit.

It has drawn the attention of the whole world to the storm-cloud of the future—namely, the relations of Italy with the Jugo-Slavs. There we have clearly one big danger of another war. Had Wilson not spoken, the mass of men would never have thought of it—until they were called up to fight on account of it. Now we all know and can foresee and can perhaps take precautions in time.

On what other similar secret questions will President Wilson enlighten the mass of men whose children will have to die in the next war?

CIVILIAN JOY-RIDING?

WHILE the Anzacs were marching through town the other day, the crowd was entertained by overhead circles of "stunt" flying. Several aeroplanes sawed the air continually, making a noise so deafening that those rare people who still have work to do found it (incidentally) a little hard to get on with their work.

Was it a glimpse of the new age of "civilian flying," rather vaguely foreshadowed by General Sykes, in his recent address?

One suspects, indeed, that the "civilian flying" in question will be mainly of this joy-riding order.

It must be so, for a time; because, as was shown by the expert articles we have published during the last few weeks, the commercial possibilities of flying are not yet sufficiently stable and solid for the thing to be worth while on the scale predicted by aeronautical optimists. Therefore, we shall have mainly "stunts."

But even if we have more than that—better than that—control will obviously be needed: a closer control than any yet promised by General Sykes. The thought of unlimited "stunting" at all hours in all places is really one that ought to make a machine-made civilisation pause to think it over.

As usual, however, we appear to be going to wait till the thing forces itself on the public notice before any adequate system is established.

That being so, we may be glad that we live near no flying or other frontier, where the air-preserves of several nations meet—say, Fiume. Accidents will happen in any case. But the accidents that will happen, and the disputes that will arise, on the international aerial frontiers and cross-heads, will be enough to keep all the rival citizens of the competing countries with their heads permanently bent back and their necks persistently "cricked."

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace, which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years—full of sweet recollections; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness, which is still full of change and promise—opening always—modest at once, and bright, with hope of better things to be won and to be bestowed. There is no age where there is still that promise—it is eternal youth.

John Ruskin.

DO OUR RAILWAYS FAIL THE PUBLIC?

SWEEPING REFORMS DUE IN THE PRESENT MUDDLED SYSTEM.

By W. G. FITZGERALD.

IT is a disappointment to us all that cheap excursions to the country and the sea, as well as to London and other "show" places, will not be possible in this year of peace, when the whole nation is looking forward to fresh air and wholesome change, after the serious strain of a great war.

But our railways are hopelessly out of date, as I shall show. The complaint has just been made anew, too, by Mr. Robert Williams, of the Transport Workers. And no minor reforms, no make-shift tinkering, can possibly bring them into line with to-day's needs, for they belong to an engineering age that is gone. Nothing but a "revolution" of methods will do—scientific, mechanical, industrial and economic.

Our eighteen principal railways have a capital of £1,000,000,000, and their mindless

what it pays for food, drink, clothing, and general utilities consists of transport charges. Mechanical devices have been neglected. The locomotive itself is used as a cumbersome sorting-machine. So it will remain until the archaic methods of shunting and "marshalling" are done away with, and a businesslike clearing-house scheme put in operation for the prompt dispatch of goods to their destination with the minimum of time and effort.

To establish clearing-houses in our great city centres would cost £14,000,000; but this plan would earn £9,000,000 a year and release the vast mass of rolling-stock that lies idle in 25,000 miles of sidings.

WHAT IT COSTS.

Our railway expenses are £45,000,000 a year in excess of what they should be; the handling of coal alone is incredibly wasteful and stupid. Packages totalling 929 tons on the G.N. and L. and N.W.R. called for half a dozen engines. Yet an American locomotive can pick up a 4,000-ton load and "walk off with it."

Germany has only a third of our wagons, yet she carries 5,000,000 tons more; her aver-

BUDGET WEEK: THE TAXPAYER TREMBLES.



It is "up" to the Chancellor to find on Wednesday some as yet unsearched pocket whence he can extract yet more money from the taxpayer.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

competition, their lack of co-ordination, and frittering of man-power, material and energy pass all belief. Even Sir Herbert Walker, chairman of the Executive Committee, roundly denounces "the manifold evils" of the railway regime, which is bolstered with public money to make a show at all.

Out of 1,500,000 trucks and wagons, only half of one per cent. are being hauled about, laden or partly laden. Ninety-nine and a half per cent. are unproductive! In the life of a steam locomotive only 8.34 per cent. is spent in actual haulage of passengers and freight. Unnecessary mobility, shunting and the like account for nearly 37 per cent., and over 50 per cent. of the engine's time is consumed in cleaning and tuning-up in shop or shed. These Board of Trade figures apply to about 24,000 locomotives.

Three thousand Acts of Parliament bewilder and hamper our railways; seventy odd goods terminals cover nearly six square miles in the heart of London, so that transport is strangled with its own increase. And the public should remember that more than half

age haul is fifty-four miles, as against our twenty-four. And America can do with three men and one engine what we take fifteen men and five engines to do. Even in Australia the railway-truck earns more than twice as much as it does over here, thanks to the criss-crossing of rivalry and competition and old-fashioned ways.

In one year our railways carried 14,000,000 tons less goods than in the previous year—and they charged £318,000 more for doing it. Is it not high time, then, that our railways were revolutionised and a Ministry of Transport set up in accordance with sanity and business sense?

How many tax-payers realise that the huge sum of £90,000,000 will have to be found in each of the two next years in order to balance the Budgets of our out-of-date railways? But railways everywhere are out of date. Even America is pointing out that, whereas a motor-car of 1,800lb. carries five passengers, a railway-coach weighing 90,000lb. seats only seventy. And, moreover, the car carries its own power.

THE GIRL THEY LIKE.

SOLDIERS AND OTHERS ON THE NEW TYPE OF WOMANHOOD.

ALLOW me to contradict "An Autocratic Modest Girl" when she states that when men meet "the clinging and essentially feminine girl" they pay no attention to her.

May I, speaking for many of my masculine friends who have not seen a white girl for months, having been in Mesopotamia, say what an immeasurable relief and satisfaction it is to meet again really feminine girls?

The self-reliant, autocratic product of munitions or the land, much as we may admire their past work, only inspires us with a mild pity.

North Walsham, Norfolk. S. J. T. S. J. T.

ARM-IN-ARM.

I MET yesterday four fashionably dressed flappers, bold-faced and rude, linked arm-in-arm on a crowded path. Laughing shrilly, and ugly with self-conscious, noisy exuberance, they expected everyone to step aside for them, and men old enough to be their grandfathers actually stepped into the gutter to let them pass.

I have got beyond the flapper age, but I was strong-minded enough to remain rigid as they swept along in their "joyful" youth, and I am pleased to say that the collision surprised them. I was quite unconcerned over the coarse outcry that followed me. I had let them know that the path was made for other people besides themselves. If this exhibition is "joy"—and it is quite a typical case—then please let "joy" be killed every time.

N. C.

NOT SEVERE ENOUGH.

IT is well to remember, while this tension is existing over the Adriatic question, that the millions who have died on the battlefields of Europe—nay, of the world—did not sacrifice their lives for the restoration of secret treaties. They gave up their lives for freedom and self-determination, and know nothing about such treaties.

We have been told that this was a war for the right, and not for grabbing what you can at the expense of the liberty of others. It, indeed, seems incredible that, notwithstanding the awful lessons of this war, some parts of Europe are still not ready to apply the Wilsonian principles, as expressed in the famous Fourteen Points, to their actions.

Has not the lesson been severe enough? Chelsea. J. E. BELASCO.

AN EXAMPLE.

I WAS once at the bedside of an old lady of eighty-six, who was only being kept alive by teaspoonfuls of brandy, with difficulty administered.

Her niece said: "Wouldn't it be kinder to let her go?"

The young doctor replied: "I would not take the responsibility of shortening a fellow-being's life by even a few seconds. Who can tell of what value those moments may be to her?"

I was only a young girl at the time, but I have never forgotten the impression made upon me. And this was only a case of letting her go. How much stronger would be the case against assisting her to go? HER GREAT-NIECE.

DO THEY LIKE IT?

WHEN the muzzling order was in force some years ago our Scotch celtic very much resented having to wear a muzzle, but in a short time, finding he could not go out without it, he used to reach it down from the hook in an outhouse and after vainly endeavouring to insert his nose himself, would carry it to us and bark until it was fastened on! E. L. SKEHAN.

VICTORY SONGS?

WE British are a funny people. After winning the greatest war in history at a cost of thousands of the best lives, do we find the nation singing some noble and glorious song of victory?

No, we only see hysterical individuals dancing what is called the "Jazz" and singing some drivel about "Dinkey Diddleum" and "Yamo Yamo." I have no quarrel with the writers of these songs. They know the level of their own intellect and must earn their bread and butter, but if this is the soul of a nation—Heaven help us! MUSIC.

TARDY SPRING.

Earth has to fill her empty wells, And speed the service of the west; The phantom of the snow-wreath melt, That haunts the barren look of Albion's crest. Who sees what toils a white night built, Where floods now bloom and sprouts the cold. For iron Wind heaved his hand; Across her sky he laid his hand; And bird he starved, he stifled worm; He shivered heaven a shaven land. Her shivering Spring feigned fast asleep. The bitter buds dared not unfold; We raved on row and ran to keep Thought of the girl we love from cold. GEORGE MEREDITH.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 27. — Vegetable marrows should be sown without delay. Sow in pots of good sandy soil and see that ample drainage is provided. Place the pots in a sunny frame, which must be kept closed until the seeds germinate. Although marrows are generally grown on heaps of rich material, they grow quite as well on the level providing the ground is properly prepared. Gourds are interesting subjects for the flower garden, where they may be trained on arches or poles. Sow now under glass. The mammoth pumpkin is a very interesting subject to grow. J. F. T.

Fine fabrics! — cloths of beauty from which your skill can conjure fine apparel Derry & Toms

Stripe Suitings. Pure Wool, in Navy and Black grounds with a fine White line in different sizes. • Various qualities. 44-52in. wide.

Per yard 10/9 to 23/9

New Roman and Tape Stripes. Very Effective in the Black and Grey varieties. 46 to 52in. wide. Per yard 8/11, 16/9 and 21/9

Gab Suiting Cord. A fine Shot effect, a new grade fabric, in dark and neutral tones. Wear recommended. 50in. wide. Per yard 18/6

Gabardines. Useful and reliable. For smart Costumes, in a large variety of shades and qualities. Also in Black.

48-54in. wide. Per yard 10/9 to 25/9

Popline Venice (Silk Wool). A heavy weight, and extra value to be obtained for Occasional Gowns. In soft shades of Grey, Saxe, Rose, Prune, Navy and Black. 42in. wide. Per yard 11/9

Sicilian Alpaca. An exceptional bright finish and excellent quality, in good shades of Mauve, Grey, Brown, Purple, Navy and Black. 42in. wide. Per yard 6/11

Pure Wool Tweeds in Checks, Stripes and Diagonals. In new tones of Brown, Grey and Blue Mixtures. Also in Over-checks. 52 and 54in. wide. Per yard 10/9

All Wool Tweeds in smart fancy Stripe, medium colours, excellent weight. For Costumes and Skirts. 54in. wide. Per yard 14/9

Scotch Tweeds. A heavy weight, suitable for Travelling Costumes. The colourings are of subdued tones of Brown, Grey and Blue. 65in. wide. Per yard 17/9

Real Irish Friezes. An exceptional quality in pure Wool. An early purchase just delivered. In colours of Saxe, Electric, Navy and Heather Mixtures. 56 and 58in. wide. Worth 25/9. Per yard 19/11

Fancy Wool Suitings. A fine grade and Cashmere effect in beautiful colourings, in broken Checks for Costumes. 50in. wide. Per yard 11/9

Covert Coatings. A reliable quality for Coats and Skirts, in new Drabs and Grey tints. Per yard 10/9

Wonderful Values in Cotton Fabrics.

Georgette. A fine grade of pure Cotton and light weight. For Linerie, Gowns. In full range of shades. 39 and 40in. wide. Per yard 4/11

Crepe Eponge. A useful weight Crepe, for Gowns of all descriptions, also in a large assortment of shades. 39in. wide. Per yard 4/6

Ratine. Extra heavy for Dresses and Costumes. Wonderful value to be obtained in all leading colours. 39 and 40in. wide. Per yard 5/6

Crepon. A useful Washing Fabric for Children's wear. Reliable in every way and a large range of colours. 38 and 39in. wide. Per yard, 2/6½. Also in 27in. Per yard 1/8½

San Toy Crepe. A solid weight Crepe for Ideal Dresses required for hard wear, and reliable in washing. Full range of shades. 38 and 39in. wide. Per yard 3/6½

Poplin. An exceptional soft finish, uncreasable, bright and silky. In twenty different shades. 37 and 38in. wide. Per yard 4/6

Tricoline. A fine Egyptian Cotton of extra fine texture and weight, for superior wear. Beautiful colours. 38 and 39in. wide. Per yard 4/11

Gab Cord. An excellent Cotton Fabric for washing and generally useful wear. A full range of shades. 38 and 39in. wide. Per yard 3/6½

Llama. An entirely new fabric, replacing delaines of principally wool. In designs of effective stripes and checks in light and dark grounds. 38in. wide. Per yard 3/11½

Zephyrs. An enormous variety of new stripes and checks in this always reliable fabric for washing dresses. 38in. and 39in. wide.

Per yard 1/11½ and 2/6½

Voiles. A fine quality and clear mesh of the newest plain shades for the season. 38 and 39in. wide. Worth 2/11½. Per yard 2/6½

Voiles. An excellent assortment of Fancy Voiles, and in various qualities and makes. Grafton, Sifton, Shere Voiles and Iris Voile de Chenes, etc. Per yard 3/6½

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Charming Tan in fine Chryseanthemum Straw, with smart check Side Band of contrasting colours. Colours as follows—Black and White, Mastic and Navy, Nigger and Shantung, Mastic and Nigger, Shantung and Navy, Navy and White, Shantung and Persin, Nigger and Persin.

Special Price 7/6 including packing and postage.



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An "ALL-WOOL" sports Jersey made in the finest Bolany yarn, in Light & Dark Covert (Heather Mixture). Also in Green Heather Mixture. Equal in value to costs usually met at 3/6. Post 6d. Special Price 29/11



The Parisian Ribbon Band with the new half trail to finish suitable for hat trimming. Obtainable in Black, White, Putty, Nigger, Navy, Saxe, Vieux Rose, Saxe, Cerise, Purple. Price 3/11 including postage.

Excellent value in good Black Taffeta also in Black Satin. Skirt, exact as sketch. Lengths 54, 56 and 58 ins. Special Price 29/11 Postage 6d.

ARDING & HOBBS, Clapham Junction, London, S.W. 11.

A delightful "au de Mar" suitable for town, sea or country wear. Obtainable in following colours—White, Grey, Anchoise, Saxe, Navy, Emerald. Special Price 7/6 including postage.



Delightful "au de Mar" and Knickers in White Nainsook, trimmed Val Lace & Insertion. Knickers 4/11. Chemise 4/11. Postage 6d. Can be had in Sky and Pink Lawn; each 6/11½. Phone: Palmeria 4.

The "Nobility" Regd.

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In a variety of Designs and Colourings, suitable for Dining Rooms, Drawing Rooms, Libraries, etc. These are really excellent value.

9ft. 0in. by 7ft. 0in.	5	6	6
9ft. 0in. by 9ft. 0in.	7	10	9
10ft. 0in. by 9ft. 0in.	8	8	0
12ft. 0in. by 9ft. 0in.	9	17	0
12ft. 0in. by 10ft. 0in.	11	1	5
13ft. 0in. by 10ft. 0in.	13	2	6
15ft. 0in. by 12ft. 0in.	14	13	6
	18	15	0

COLOURED HEMSTITCHED DAMASK CLOTHS.

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each 33in. x 33in. 4/11
42in. x 42in. 7/6
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THE GERMAN D.O.R.A. AND MUZZLED PRESS.

WAR NEWS MANUFACTURED TO MISLEAD THE HUNS.

By ARTHUR WILLIS.

This article shows how the German "will to win" was strengthened from time to time.

HOW was it possible to keep the German people in ignorance of the real facts of the war until the situation grew so desperate that they could be deceived no longer?

We learn something of the iron rule which governed the German newspaper from the editor of a provincial paper in Germany—the *Münster Anzeiger*—who tells us how public opinion was directed by the mailed-fist German "Doras," in an article in a recent number of his paper headed "A Reminiscence of Our Censorship Heroes."

The writer speaks of the daily instructions received from headquarters dictating the line that was to be taken on every question of importance.

"Every day we received an ominous letter bearing the stamp of the General Command, 7th Army Corps. Our paper was especially honoured with these missives, as we had occasionally risked a word or two of criticism. Every sort of troublesome objection was raised to our articles. Sometimes it was the 'public peace' we had disturbed—or we had attacked the oberbürgermeister or the magistrate of some obscure borough. Often we were obliged to insert in the foremost place in our paper manifestos against our own policy which we knew to be a pack of lies. A word in reply was strictly prohibited—had we risked one, the editorial staff would have been locked up and the paper suppressed indefinitely."

LECTURING THE PRESS.

Our *Münster* editor describes a meeting in Germany to which journalists were summoned to get their orders.

A short speech from an officer, whose name I forget, opened the meeting. Object of speech, "the strengthening of the will-for-victory of the German people."

"The first lecture, given by a staff officer, was on the new campaign."

"The dope-providing lecturer whirled a long stick all over the maps and blackboards on the stage in a way that made one dizzy."

"He finished amid a chorus of 'Bravos!'"

"Then came a naval captain."

"According to him everyone in England was starving."

The submariners did for everything that came within range of their torpedoes. Just a little rationing at home, but everywhere good stores of food (the lecturer, who was very fat, gave an air of reality to this tale of well-stocked larders).

"Only a few months more and old England would be at our feet, and we could exact what we wanted from her. . . . Loud cheers, amidst which the editor of a Düsseldorf paper stood up and bellowed like a bull."

WHAT WOULD AMERICA DO?

"America's Part in the War" (by a major with an eye-glass) followed. You can imagine the sort of stuff—America cannot do anything for four or five years, she has got no soldiers, no ships, no munitions—nothing. Just let one transport try and get over here, and it will be shot to pieces!

"The Americans, like the English and French, had had nothing but failures, whereas we went on from victory to victory."

"Finally a flying officer discoursed on our airships."

"He told us all about our successes, and as the Pressmen had no proofs of the accuracy of his statistics, they simply bathed in the warmth of his words. Then the whole audience—completely drugged, blinded, and befuddled—stood up and shrieked and waved."

Our *Münster* editor draws conclusions from this Hanover meeting which every German might take to heart.

"The thought struck me while listening to these speeches that everything we had been told about the origin of the war might have been lies concocted by a murderous horde of Pan-German militarists, who considered the time was ripe to undertake a campaign of plunder in order to strengthen their position politically. Was it not highly probable? If they could lie like this now—why not in the former case?"

This plain speaking from the editor of a responsible German paper teaches us that we ought to be grateful to the "Dora" of our Press censorship—she was clearly a mild and genial lady compared to her tyrannical cousin in the Fatherland.

SHALL WE HAVE A "HOUSE OF LADIES"?

REASONS WHY THERE SHOULD BE A WOMAN'S PARLIAMENT.

By FRANCES TYRRELL.

A WOMAN'S Parliament? A Third House?

"What an unheard-of innovation!" will most probably be the instant criticism upon this proposed new departure.

And just as probably it will follow the order of all other innovations—he at first scoffed at, then considered, and finally adopted.

Evolution in England proceeds more slowly than anywhere else. At the earlier period the class wall was held to be quite unassailable; it has now many gaps that seem more likely to be widened and increased than closed up again. One of these gaps may be seen in the altered position of woman.

The war has helped to place her upon a wider, freer, better platform. It has proved that she can do man's work as well, considering the shortness of her apprenticeship, as man himself.

When at the beginning of the war a few forward spirits endeavoured to make public the proposal that the women of England should emulate the women of France, who took up the whole round of man's work that he might be free to fight for his country, they were set back with the reply that feeling in England was so against woman's entrance to man's province that such a change could not be contemplated.

Before the war was half over necessity proved stronger than prejudice and precedent. Domestic work had to be exchanged for the making of munitions, and women came before the public as carters, bus-conductors, street-lighters, gas-fitters, deliverers of

the post, etc., to say nothing of their work upon the land.

It was this evidence of capability and her abounding helpfulness that at last gained women the vote.

But what is now seething in the breasts of the leading women of their several political sections is how to make their common mind felt in the governing councils of the nation.

Contrary to the hopes of many thousands of women, the members of their sex who stood forth failed signally to gain election. For the one exception (even supposing her qualifications to be of the highest) will have but little influence against man's traditional prerogative to be the law maker.

It looks as if it would be a long time before women, even in small numbers, will enter the House of Commons—simply because in that direction they remain untried.

Man, whether in the personal matter or the affairs of the community, has always availed himself of woman's help, though he may not always have acknowledged it. But there have been too many expressions of public men of late as to the worth of her work to leave doubt that were a real movement like that of a woman's Parliament put before him he would forward it in his own interest.

Whether this third House could be accommodated at St. Stephen's or not would be a matter of detail; but it seems feasible that in a tentative way its procedure could be modelled on that of the Commons.

Its members could be elected from the various women's political organisations, and its work should be to deal with all measures appertaining to the national welfare, viz., housing, health and happiness (which incidentally include education, marriage and maternity).

For in these departments woman is the expert. These are the matters that most vitally concern her and the coming race.



SPECTATORS WEAR OILSKINS.—Watching a race through field-glasses from the roof of the stand at Alexandra Palace on Saturday.

CONVERTED MOTOR AMBULANCES AS HOMES

HOW TO MAKE AN ATTRACTIVE HOUSE ON WHEELS.

By J. HARRIS STONE.

(Author of "Caravanning and Camping Out").

A LARGE number of motor-ambulances are being thrown upon the market, many of which, with slight structural alterations and some adaptation, can easily be converted into useful caravans for living in and for touring.

They are mostly rather low, and so can negotiate lanes with obtruding overhanging boughs which are terrible obstacles to the gipsy type of caravan.

The majority of these derelict ambulances have unusually well-built and strong bodies.

An outer casing of well-seasoned and painted mahogany and an inner skin of three-ply wood render them remarkably weather-tight and snug. In fact, the majority of them were built regardless of expense and unnecessarily strong.

So much the better for their ultimate caravan transformation.

They are built to run easily, are well balanced and have splendid springs. As a driver of one who had been over a great part of France said to me: "You can carry a glass of milk in your hand when travelling and not spill a drop!"

The two chief structural alterations needed to make the desired conversion are heightening the interior in the centre by the construction of a 2ft. or 3ft. by 1ft. domed or oblong skylight with glass ventilating sides, and cutting a window in either side of the vehicle.

On the outside of these body windows

should be shutters, for hot weather and night use, in two halves running in grooves.

If the laths or transverse slanting battens are set close together when removed from outside they serve on a pitch as excellent small table-tops when fitted on slight bamboo folding stands.

A canvas annex on either side—making two large extra rooms when on a pitch—can easily be adjusted, folded into small compass and carried on the roof when travelling. The best form of such annex is on the sack principle, as draughts are thereby avoided—the curse of usual tent-like structures.

These two extra rooms are best made in one piece as a gigantic saddlebag with a canvas sheet the exact size of the top of the vehicle connecting the two bags.

The bagginess is obviated by three gyyropes attached to the off-sides of each of the bags and pegged to the ground in tent fashion.

If these saddlebag tents are pitched with the entrances pointing rearward a protruding canvas shield from the top of the back entrance of the vehicle, supported by two bamboo poles stuck in the ground, makes the camp into practically a three-roomed house.

The usual ambulance has four bunks—two, one above the other, on either side. The removal of the two on one of the sides affords ample space for stove or iron-topped flap-table for the Primus and for cupboards.

It only remains to say that a light door can be added to the curtained back and a narrow door communicating with the driver's seat as the caravanner may deem expedient.

Just now, when the shortage of small houses is so terribly pronounced, this plan of ambulance conversion is surely worthy of attention.

BABIES REARED BY SPARTAN RULE.

STRICT PARENTS, DOCTORS AND NURSES, AND THE INFANT.

By MARY HOWARTH.

Regular systems laid down by the family doctor of to-day regulate modern child life.

THE grandmother—oh, so proud!—made acquaintance with her first grandson when he was only a few hours old. She held out her arms instinctively to enfold the precious little fellow, but his nurse drew back.

"I don't want him handled," she said, firmly, and the grandmother's arms fell limp.

A few days later, when she was allowed to have him on her knee for a brief space, she asked his mother whether she was having good nights with him.

The young parent laughed. "I am," she replied, "but nurse isn't. You see, Baby and I say good-night to one another at ten o'clock, and I never see him again until seven."

"He sleeps in his own room—or doesn't sleep. If he doesn't he howls, but he disturbs nurse, not me."

"Perhaps he's hungry," faltered the grandmother.

"I dare say," agreed the mother; "but nurse is training him not to feed during the night. He is a strong child, and only babies who are weak and ailing are given anything now during the hours in which they ought to sleep uninterrupted."

NOT EVEN A NICKNAME!

The grandmother smiled down upon the little lad, musing upon the days when his father was an infant, and of her own broken nights in his service. She agreed that the new system was better than the old.

But the poor hungry mite!—she thought tenderly, and stooping kissed his moist mouth.

"Not there, madam," interposed the nurse, didactically. "If you must kiss a baby, the back of his neck is the safest place. We never allow face-kissing. It isn't hygienic."

Baby was never rocked in his cradle and never dandled in his father's arms, or anyone else's.

It was a truly horrified mother who, hearing a tremendous amount of gurgling and chucking, when the child was six months old, came in to find a doctor-uncle throwing him up into the air and catching him, to Baby's evident delight.

"Ted," said she, "I'm ashamed of you. And you a doctor."

"Yes, but I'm not his doctor," answered the unrepentant Ted.

That terrible orgy occurred, of course, long after Baby, who was not Baby now, but John, had received an education Spartan enough to turn him out the law-abiding upbringings, and a real credit to his strict upbringing, and a very happy and healthy little person.

WHAT BABY WANTS.

He was never known as "Baby" after his christening; indeed, directly his name was chosen he was called it. No nickname, no pet name was permitted. In a world of Edwards and Georges and Richards he was just John, never Jack or Johnnie.

For simple and old-fashioned names are in the ascendant now, and even the Michaels and Anthonys are not Mick and Tony any more amongst the elect.

Though John might have appreciated a "comforter" sometimes in his hungriest moments, he was never so much as allowed to know that so pernicious a "dope" was possible, and what the eye does not see the heart does not grieve for. So the "dummy," or "fascinator"—call it what you will—and John were not acquainted.

His morning toilet was a joy. Such a splashing bath; so few clothes to have put on. None of that maddening turning this way and turning that until the poor infant was goaded to the verge of insanity.

Yes; John and his fellow-babies are brought up very sensibly now. They miss the hubbub of life, in their tranquil backwaters, by order. The edict of the doctor has it that our little ones be reared according to a regular system, this hour and that for meals, these for sleep, open air always, everywhere. The counsel of perfection is so strict that the John who is raised by rule does not even know what it is to go by train or in a motor-car until he has reached the age of two.

What John wants is just the chance of growing in healthy surroundings, a strong sane child, ready when the proper moment comes to take his place on the battlefield of life.

A Lych Gate Memorial.



A lych gate erected by Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Young in memory of their son, Lieutenant-Commander J. Dawbarn Young, was unveiled at Highgate village on Saturday. The photograph shows the bereaved parents with the Rev. D. Macfayden at the dedication ceremony.



UNREST AT GIBRALTAR.—The members of the deputation which has arrived in London to see Dr. McNamara in connection with the unrest among the Government workers at Gibraltar.



Surveying the catch.

"TRAWLING" FOR TIDDLERS.—A new and "scientific" method has been adopted by the small boys, who drag a sack through the water to the shore. This generally results in a much better catch than the rod and line ever did, and is therefore more profitable. The market price is twenty a penny, the customers less lucky friends, who, like all "fishermen," like to boast of "catches."

TWO TENORS WED.



Mr. Sinclair Coles, the late sergeant, K.R.R.C., and his bride, Miss Eva Corbett, now playing in "Us" at the Ambassadors Theatre.



Lieutenant Sam Hearnall, R.S.C.A.M.T., the Yorkshire tenor, and his bride, Miss Dorothy Porrett, daughter of Major Porrett. Her father was the bridegroom's C.O.



GONE TO PARIS.—Mr. Henry Morgenthau, lawyer and diplomat, and one of President Wilson's closest confidants.



ESCAPE.—The Grand Duchess Anastasia, daughter of the ex-King of Montenegro, has escaped from Russia.

HOSE PIPE KEE



During some disturbances at Milan the strikers succeeded in restoring order. And no



MEN WHO FOUGHT.—The Comrades of the Great War and the photograph shows them marching through



AN AFTERNOON DRESS.—It is of beige-coloured chiffon, embroidered with blue jet beads. The underlining is of blue chiffon.

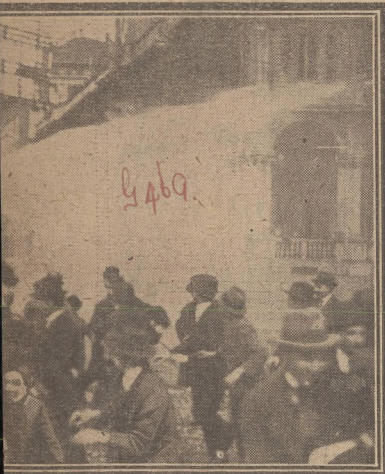


A SUMMER HAT.—The hat is adorned with a daisy.



OFFICER KILLED.—Captain R. W. Adkins, one of the five killed when the aeroplane caught fire at Andover.

POLICE AT BAY.



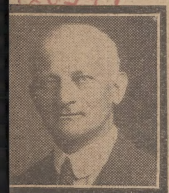
securing a hose-pipe and turned it on the police when stand up against that torrent of water.



and their first demonstration in Ireland on Saturday, the Earl of Shaftesbury's Belfast seat.



gracefully, and is ornate combination is ecrú and



TIMES.—Mr. A. H. M. J.P., chief chairman of the King Council for the sixteenth time.

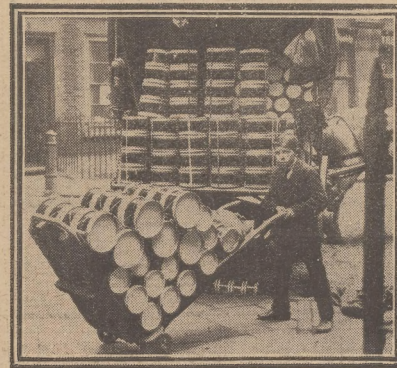


CONTRASTS NOW POPULAR.—Black velvet jacket with a white skirt of a different material. Contrasts of this kind are becoming popular.

A COCAINE CHARGE.



Alfred Angelo Toose, leaving Marlborough-street Police Court, where he was charged on Saturday with being in unauthorised possession of cocaine.



THE DRUMS OF PEACE.—Thousands of drums, previously made in Germany, are being turned out by British manufacturers for the peace celebrations.

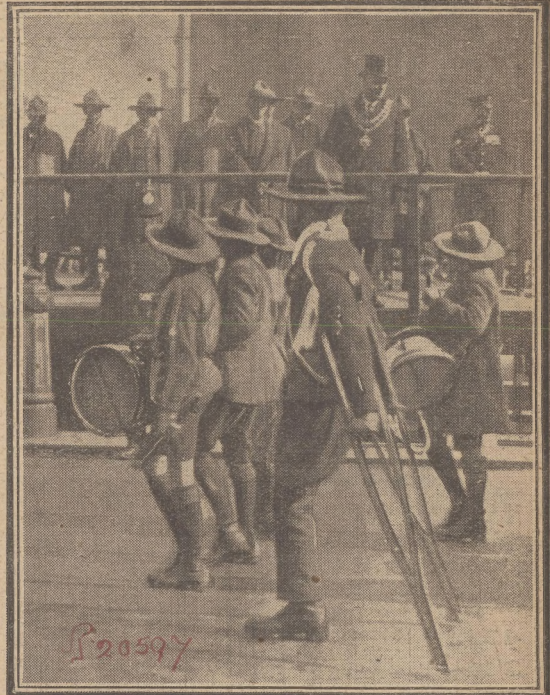


GERMAN "ACE."—Udet, who wants to tour U.S. with a machine which, he says, strafed 61 of his enemies.



NEW PRESIDENT.—Dr. Epitacio Pessoa, elected President of Brazil by a large majority. He is a peace delegate.

SCOUT DISABLED IN WAR



Assistant Scoutmaster George Bicknell, who lost a leg at Arras, took part in the march-past at the review by the Lord Mayor of Birmingham. The boys are appealing for £5,000 for a war memorial.



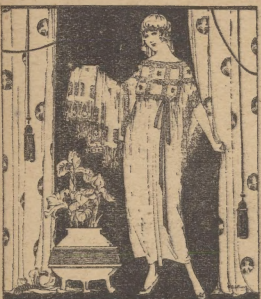
FREEDOM FOR SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.—The gold casket which will contain the scroll when the field-marshal is admitted to the freedom of Glasgow on May 8. The British lion surmounting it is in ivory.



ANOTHER VICTORY.—The Stirling ladies' football team, which has not known defeat for two seasons, score a goal in their match against the Hoffman ladies' eleven.



The All-England Women's Hockey Association met the combined Physical Training College eleven at Perivale.



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"Skippers"

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A Precious Food

The necessity for "fat" in food is shown by the serious effects which the "fat shortage" has had in Germany.

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Your retailer will supply you with a tin of

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A guarantee on every can.

"Skippers" are bristling with good points.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Busy Clubs.

The political clubs were buzzing like beehives during the week-end. What with the crises in Paris and the Budget, politicians have not had so much to talk over for a long time. The session now opening promises to be momentous.

Premier's Return.

In some political circles they are talking about Mr. Lloyd George not returning to London for another couple of months. If the Italian-American difficulty is settled, however, he will probably return much sooner than that.

Will Wear Wedding Wrap.

A friend of Miss Asquith's tells me that during the rather longish drive from Cavendish-square to Westminster for her wedding, the bride will wear the exquisite emine wrap which is one of the gifts Prince Bismarck has showered on her. He selected this especially for the purpose.

His Eminence at Home.

All Catholic London will be at the Archbishop's House, Westminster, to-morrow evening for the Cardinal's annual reception, when most of the Catholic Bishops of England will also be present. As usual, ladies will wear high-necked black gowns and mantles.

An Indian Judge.

Sir Basil Scott, the Chief Justice of Bombay, who is about to retire, was a member of the Rowlat Committee, whose report has caused such a stir in India. He was long the leader of the Bombay Bar, and is an extremely able lawyer.

Orpen, R.A.

Is Sir William Orpen the youngest Royal Academician on record? Probably so; for he was already the youngest A.R.A. Anybody more unlike the popular conception of an



Mrs. E. A. George, mentioned for services at the Officers' Hospital, Kensington.



Mr. Marlon Green, lead in the musical version of "Monsieur Beaucaire."

artist than Sir William, with his close-cropped hair, dogskin gloves and "sporty" looking tie, it would be impossible to imagine.

Unseasonable.

Facetious Londoners were wishing each other "a merry Christmas" and making inquiries about turkey and plum-pudding yesterday. It was about the most unpleasant day for April that could well be imagined. We have had snow in April before, but this was an unseasonable mixture of rain, snow, sleet and slush.

An Old Story.

In the varied records of British weather we have even had snow in May. But let us once for all forget that story that the 1868 Derby was run in a snowstorm. Snow fell on the day of the race, but not during the contest.

Regimental Badge Slump.

A jeweller tells me that there has been a remarkable slump in the sale of regimental badges during the past few months. He is now selling the cheaper varieties at bargain prices. Gold badges, however, are either melted down or sold as "old gold."

Russian Ballet.

They tell me a little-known ballet will be seen when the Russian dancers begin their Alhambra season, which will be on Wednesday. This is "Petrushka," in which one of the characters will wear a tall hat. I should think that this is the only ballet in which such headgear figures.

Signs of the Times.

I hear that a lady has been appointed to a permanent post as a committee clerk in the Inland Revenue. This is a most important appointment, and is regarded in Civil Service circles as a significant sign of the times.

Cricketer's Widow.

South Africans in London will be rallying round the theatre at Croydon this week, for there Miss Kathleen Sinclair, from Johannesburg, daughter of one of the Rand pioneers, is playing the title role in "Betty at Bay." She is the widow of that popular international cricketer, "Jimmy" Sinclair.



Miss Kathleen Sinclair.

Cinema Ball.

Those who would like to see cinema stars in the flesh instead of on the films, should note that most of the British cinema artists will be at a costume Peace Ball which is coming off shortly in London. There are to be prizes for the best costumes and all kinds of gaiety.

Changes and Chances.

Mr. C. B. Cochrane tells me that he is transferring "Cyrano de Bergerac" to Drury Lane Theatre in a week, as the Garrick is not elastic, and many people want to see it. At the same time, "The Luck of the Navy," which had to cease at the Queen's a while ago, will be continued at the larger Garrick.

An Unusual Production.

I hear from Stratford-on-Avon that the production of "As You Like It" there was very successful. No one is more enthusiastic than Dr. Welland, who plays Adam. He was interned all through the war in Ruhleben, and was responsible for the camp's really wonderful theatre.

Pompoms in Toulon.

A friend newly back from Toulon tells me that it is very amusing to sit in the balcony of a cinema there. The floor is filled with sailors and their girls. The matelots wear on their caps the biggest red pompoms regulations allow, and their girl friends do the same in compliment, so it is a dazzling array.

Printers' Programmes.

For once in a way we did not have actress programme-sellers at the Printers' Pensions Matinée yesterday at the Coliseum. As a change, we had authoresses and lady journalists to sell us the list of "turns."

Brisk Buying.

Miss Ruby Ayres, who has delighted so many of our readers with her charming romances, told me that the programme sales had been very brisk, and when last I saw Mrs. Cecil Frail she was carrying heaps of silver in an apron.

The Reel Truth.

Mr. Owen Nares admits that he was once taken for a German spy. This was in St. James' Park, where he was acting in a propaganda film. This and other good stories by Mr. Nares and other film stars you may find in the *Picture Show*, a new paper devoted to "the pictures," which is out to-day.

Left-Handed Conductor.

We shall not see Mr. Albert Coates conduct the London Symphony Orchestra with his left hand to-morrow afternoon. While he was conducting the Imperial Opera in Petrograd bad food and other fruits of Bolshevist rule brought on an illness which affected his right hand. He consequently had to hold the baton in his left. But he is better now.

The Gloomy Tsar.

Before the revolution in Russia Mr. Coates had many talks with the Tsar, who adored music. He describes the monarch as a depressed fatalist with a "What's-the-good-of-anything" outlook on life. The powerlessness of the so-called autocrat made him gloomy.

A War Play.

One of the best of the Lyceum melodramas, "The Female Hun," will cease to be seen after next week. The chief character was what one might call a real Melvillianess.

A Leading Light.

It is almost impossible to take the disturbances in Munich seriously when you hear that the "Reds" are led by an officer named Paraffin. But no doubt he is burning with enthusiasm.

THE RAMBLER.



The Hon. Mrs. Robert Devereux, one of the women commencing the Ball of the Women's Hospital, Chelsea.



Miss Marjorie Pelham, daughter of the Hon. Henry Pelham, to be married to-day to Lt. Dares Dixon.

MILNER FOR EGYPT.

Who Will Be Our Ambassador to the U.S.?—Tax Employers and the Out-of-Work Dole.

IN POLITICAL CIRCLES YESTERDAY I learned that Lord Milner would probably set out for Egypt soon. He will study the troubles in Cairo on the spot. The selection of such an important personage as the Colonial Secretary for this task ought to impress the most intractable fellow. Hitherto, Lord Milner's experience of statecraft in the Dark Continent has been at the Cape end of it. As Sir Alfred Milner, High Commissioner, he had dealings with Kruger and his burghers.

Nach Paris.

As the hour draws near for the reception of the German peace envoys in Paris, excitement grows. To his chief's side to-day will go Sir William Sutherland, just back from a visit to his Highland constituency. He has not had a long stay in London this time.

U.S. and Us.

Several names have been mentioned in connection with our vacant Embassy in Washington, but I have the best authority for saying that up to the present nobody has been selected for Ambassador. Probably a personage of high intellectual distinction will be our representative. In this way we shall reciprocate for the brilliant men of letters America has sent us.

Lax Employers.

Half the trouble with the out-of-work donation is caused by the laxity of employers, who do not trouble to reply to inquiries from the Labour Exchanges as to men who have left their employ. Sir Robert Horne will probably explain this among other things to the House to-morrow.

Taxing Themselves.

As most employers are taxpayers, it would probably be to their interest, as well as to that of the community, to take more trouble. After all, it is out of the over-burdened taxpayers' pockets that the million a week comes.

Back Again.

Captain Guest is once more at the Whips' office, after his Paris trip. Most of the politicians, indeed, are back in town. Major David Davies has recovered sufficiently to take his place when the House opens.

Crowded Out.

Nearly all the seaside resorts within a thirty-mile radius of Dublin are crowded already, my correspondent tells me. The scarcity of houses in the capital has induced many people to travel long distances outside the city, and some Dublin workers are living as far away as Drogheda.

Exciting Times.

I expect some lively scenes when the royalty-owners appear before the Coal Commission, in answer to their subpoenas. Lord Bath will be quite a match for Sir Leo Money and Mr. Smilie, and Lord Dunraven, a skilled controversialist, will certainly "keep his end up."

Quiet Peers.

Lord Londonderry and the Duke of Hamilton are of the quieter sort, and one

knows very little about Lord Dynevor, but there will be some brisk exchanges, I anticipate, between Lord Durham and the Labour members. Here is Lord Durham.



Lord Durham.



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A SLIP OF A GIRL

By **SIDNEY WARWICK.**

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

PETER LATHOM, a young artist who is very much in love with
PATRICIA CHANCE, an actress on a holiday, who likewise is very much in love with Peter.
JOAN HARWOOD, thirty-six, and a story writer, Patricia's friend and chaperon.
TOM LATHOM, Peter's brother. He is a business man, and quite out of sympathy with Peter.

YOUTH IS YOUTH.

PETER stared at his companion. The sheer unexpectedness of her announcement took his breath away. Then he broke into a joyous laugh.

"Good Lord! You kicking over the family traces, too, Louise?" he cried.
That Louise, like himself, should have fallen in love to please herself, in rank defiance of the plans her people had made for her, appealed to Peter's sense of humour immensely. And he had a sympathetic fellow-feeling for this other sinner who was following his own path of transgression.

"I'm jolly glad, Louise—good luck to you!" he cried heartily. And he seized her hand and gripped it with ten times more warmth than he had done at their meeting on the platform.

"Who's the chap? Anyone I know? Tell me about him," Louise laughed almost shyly.
"I will—if you'll tell me about your actress."

In her heart, of course, she was really dying to talk about her wonderful secret to a sympathetic listener.

"Right. If it's going to be a long story, though, I'd best head off the taximan from Lexington-gardens."

Lexington-gardens was a square of big, gloomy houses, more like mausoleums, where both the Lathoms and the Capps lived. It was situated on the fringe of the Capps' estate, and to call itself Kensington in its notepaper heading.

He instructed the driver to add another mile to the journey.
"You know, I think it's delightful of you, Louise, coming and backing me up, as it were, like this. She wasn't half a bad sort, wasn't Louise; he had quite made up his mind about that. And he added with genuine interest: "Who is this girl you've fallen in love with now? Do I know him?"

"Oh, no—so unimportant a person as he is in my father's estimation! You see, he happens to be merely a very hard-worked and shamefully uneducated fellow, and like me, might also add that he is far better educated than my father, and has far more brains. His name is Albert Ridgway, and he's a chemist with a science degree in our polish factory. And I'm going to marry him, even if I have to run away to do it."

Louise blushed happily as she told of her secret romance, and Peter saw the soft light that had come into her eyes—she had rather fine eyes, deep brown and big, and radiating the homely face with their radiance. At that moment her happiness made her look positively attractive.

"That's what you must do, if the worst comes to the worst," counselled Peter firmly.
"Oh, it'll come to the worst. My people will tear their hair once they know; that's quite certain. You know then, Peter—I needn't tell you that. Queer, isn't it, how middle-aged people are capable of such silly little snail children who aren't allowed to have their own way!" Louise said thoughtfully. And Peter nodded.

"It isn't as though they would have anything against Albert, really—he's steady, clever and his people are even better than we are, better, because my father started life as an errand-boy. But Albert hasn't any money. That's his unardonable crime. Peter, I'm tired of being caged, of not being allowed to have a will of my own. And I'm going to break my cage and get out!"

It was sentiment Peter applauded with enthusiasm.
"And if my father cuts me out of his will—as he's quite capable of doing if I become what he would call a rebellious daughter—I shan't care," she added, with reckless cheerfulness. "And, what matters a lot more, Albert won't care either, because—well, because he likes me for myself."

Louise's blush deepened as she made the confession—and she was secretly a little surprised at herself for making such intimate confidences to a man, even though it was only Peter Lathom, whom she had known and quarrelled with in their nursery days. Yet she found it unexpectedly delightful to have a sympathetic confidant.

"I'm jolly sure he does, Lou, and so he ought," said Peter.
Somehow it seemed natural to call her Lou then. He had the feeling that, just as he had never called her Lou before, so he had never known the real Louise before, or what a good sort she was.

"Now about this Heathersett girl," said Louise, sticking to the bargain.
Next to talking of her own love-affair, it was delightful to be, as she had bargained, the recipient of another's confidences.

"All in good time," said Peter. "Only you haven't told me half yet about Albert."

"Well, he's what I call a fine-looking, without being striking, as you might say. Dark, not tall, but a nice figure. And clever—well, you wouldn't think! Such a flow of language he has. And he plays the flute like an angel."

"That's a good sign in a chap. I play the penny whistle myself, as I believe you know," Peter said.

And thought, as he spoke, of a shoe—such a dainty shoe, small enough to have been one of Cinderella's glass slippers—that was associated

with one memorable occasion when he had played that penny whistle. And the memory had brought back the lilt of a song running through his mind:

"The days we went a-gipsying,
A long time ago."

But now Louise was burning to know all about Pat.

Peter found that it was easier to listen to the story of another's love affair than to speak of his own.

"Well, she—she's ripping, and uncommonly pretty and all that, and there you are. But you'll know her one of these days, I hope, and judge for yourself."

"I can't help loving it, and I wish you luck. Your people are most awfully upset, I hear—only because she's on the stage, and because you're upsetting the family arrangement about me! That's why I thought I'd like to see you this morning and say what I've said. We've got to back each other up, Peter. It's your turn now—but mine's coming. That I should dare fall in love with someone my father overworks and underpays! But I'm going to stick to my guns and let you see from that expression on your face, that you are."

"Rather!" said Peter, feeling full of fight, and for some inexplicable reason quite cheered by Louise's news.

"I can't help thinking how funny people are—your people and mine... how they've tried to ram you and me down each other's throats. And all the time I've known that you hadn't the faintest desire to marry me. I've laughed sometimes at the obvious way they've tried to throw us together—and how bored you've been—and how you've bored me sometimes! Yes, you have, Peter, though I do like you. And I don't mind saying that I wouldn't have married you on any consideration whatever, because your artistic temperament would have driven me into an early grave!" she ended with a laugh.

Peter laughed back. The frank admission amused him.

It amused him more because he knew how his family had cherished the fond illusion that Louise was only waiting for the word to fall into his arms—though it was a belief which he himself at first had never shared.
"Thank awfully for meeting me and telling me this," he said. "I'm ever so grateful. I'll let you know how I get on. But I can tell you this in advance, Lou: my people don't know what a lot of fight there is in Peter Lathom!"

At Louise's request the taxi dropped her some fifty yards before the square was reached.

Peter thought the house in Lexington-gardens, where his family would be awaiting the news, looked more like a mausoleum than ever, as he drew up in front of it.

He paid the taximan and ran up the steps, quite ready to face the music.

THESE OTHER PEOPLE.

HIS father and Tom met him in the hall. Their welcome was of a subdued nature.
"You're a little late, aren't you, Peter?" said his father anxiously. "Dinner's been ready some twenty minutes."

"Sorry. You shouldn't have waited dinner for me, though. And how are you all?" Tom, of course, I've seen lately."

It seemed an unfortunate reference. The temperature in the hall fell perceptibly. Just then his stepmother came out to greet him, and Peter duly pecked a frigid cheek presented to him.

Mrs. Lathom was a thin-featured woman, who always looked as if she were actively disapproving of someone or something. Her face gave that impression in a rather marked degree now.

"I'm afraid dinner's quite spoiled by being kept back. It was a mistake to wait," the high-pitched, querulous voice said, with its usual air of a grievance.

"So sorry. Hello, Richard." Peter shook hands with his other brother, who wore almost Tom's replica. "I'll just run up for a wash—won't be two minutes."

They sat down to the baked meats in the long dining-room—which Peter always felt was just the sort of dining-room there would be in such a house. The furniture was massive and hideous, the pictures were depressing, the windows smothered with heavy, dull curtains. There was no light and shade. Peter infinitely preferred his room at Mrs. Timms's.

His father sat at the head of the table and carved. Carving always seemed to arouse all the combativeness in Lathom, sen. he glared at the joint as though he would let it know before he'd done who was master here.

Dinner was a solemn, long-drawn-out function. Whilst it lasted nothing was said about the reason why Peter had been summoned to town. There were servants in the room, and servants gossip.

And this deplorable lapse of Peter's, this not-to-be-countenanced entanglement with some actress, was a thing only to be spoken of behind closed doors. It was bad enough to have such a family skeleton; it would be still worse for gossip to make it public.

Dinner over, an adjournment was made to the drawing-room, which was still a replica of what a wealthy middle-class man's drawing-room had been in the sixties. Mr. Lathom lit a cigarette; Tom did not smoke; Richard took a cigarette, then offered his case to Peter.

moment. Perhaps taking Peter II. for a run. He sighed, without realising that he sighed, and lit his pipe.

Or perhaps Pat and Joan were taking the Cadogan canoe up the river, where she had once lost her ring.

His abstracted thoughts were interrupted. The querulous voice was saying: "Of course Peter knows—oh, I'm not complaining. I realise how little consideration one can hope for in these days from youth to its elders—as I say, it is only what I might expect—but a pipe in my drawing-room, a filthy pipe! Peter knows how strongly I have always objected."

Peter reddened, sat up, and met his stepmother's look of pained reproach.

"Oh, sorry. Really, I quite forgot!"

"I suppose the Bohemian life and society to which you have grown accustomed since your father, mistakenly, as I think, gave way in the matter of your painting craze, makes you forget what is considered only polite in other circles, Mrs. Lathom went on. She liked to get the full flavour out of a grievance. "Cigarettes I do not mind. I believe they are permitted in quite aristocratic circles—but a pipe!"

She closed her eyes and shivered.

Peter extinguished his pipe and pocketed it. "Your mother's quite right," said his father, severely. "A pipe's quite out of place in a lady's drawing-room. And now, Peter, what's all this I hear from Tom about your goings-on in Heathersett, eh?"

It was the ring of the first shot.

"You mean about my engagement?" he said, bluntly.

"I mean this entanglement with some actress down there," said his father, heavily. And Tom nodded gloomy approval.

Peter sat there, the focus of four pairs of accusing eyes. He knew that he might regard himself in the rôle of prisoner in the dock, with judge, jury and prosecuting counsel all in their places—and probably the black cap all ready in a handy place for when it would be wanted.

"And who is she, eh?"

"Well, of course, I think she's a very charming girl," said Peter quietly.

He could see Pat before his eyes as he spoke, with her April face, and the Spr. in her laughing eyes, like some beautiful spring of the woodland herself against the old tangled forest.

And he wondered, with a sort of exasperated helplessness, why parents seemed so bent on planning marriages for their children to suit their own views.

Were all parents the same? At almost seemed so to him. At any rate, his own people, Louise's people, Pat's people—all seemed to think that their children's marriage ought to be a family arrangement of their own devising, in which the last thing to be considered was the wishes of the

children themselves. Was it that middle-aged people had grown out of touch with youth—had forgotten their own youth and the age-old cry of youth's desire? Would he, if ever he had children, want to regulate their lives for them like this?



Patricia Chance.

But no, he couldn't imagine himself doing that, or wishing to do it; surely he would want his children to be happy in their own happiness to come first... and he knew beyond any doubt how it would be with Pat in such a case.

Besides, Pat would keep him young—and Pat herself would always be a child at heart. Even when she was an old, old lady with white hair, it would be absurd to think of Pat as anything but young.

"Who are her people?" demanded Mr. Lathom, as prosecutor counsel.

"Her father is abroad, and her mother is dead," Peter said.

"And is that all you know about them? Don't even know what her father is—his business or trade?" He paused, and Mrs. Lathom sniffed.

"I thought so. But I'll wager she knew a good deal more about you from the start—knew you were the son of wealthy people!"

Peter did not answer. What was the good of answering?

His silence seemed for the moment to non-plus his father, who had confidently anticipated his son's answer and had a crushing retort up his sleeve in readiness for it.

And she's on the stage, eh? went on the prosecuting counsel after a pause.

"She has been for a short time," Peter said—and she is going to give it up in view of our engagement."

"Very considerate of her, I'm sure," said Mr. Lathom unpleasantly. "But perhaps not unnatural, if she imagines she has succeeded in making a good match for herself, in capturing the son of a wealthy man. She may find out her mistake, though, if she imagines I have nothing better to do with my money than to finance a young fool in his folly."

Peter had flushed angrily, but he restrained himself with an effort. After all, he couldn't say to the speaker what he could say to Tom—and he felt his father was taking an unfair advantage of that fact.

But his face took a more dogged look, as he said quietly:

"Wouldn't it be fairer not to attribute mercenary motives until you have at least some proof of them, to the girl I am going to marry?"

Do not miss to-morrow's instalment of this fascinating story.

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BLUEBEARD'S POCKET-BOOK SECRETS.

Identity of Tenth Victim Established.

SEARCH FOR A SAFE.

PARIS, Sunday.

The name of the tenth of the eleven women indicated in the pocket-book that Landru always carried on his person has been discovered, but is not yet disclosed.

The eleventh name is yet to be traced, and it is believed that she may prove to be Mlle. Segret, who is still alive, and was living with Landru at the time of his arrest.

In the case of the tenth victim, Bluebeard departed from his usual custom, and attached himself to a young woman. She is described as a brunette, with a neat figure and "the air of a domestic servant in her Sunday clothes."

One of Mme. Annette Pascal's nieces has given to the police the last letter received by the family from the missing woman. It contains a reference to a sailor of the torpedo-b at Carabine, whom Mme. Pascal encountered. This man is wanted, as he may be able to throw light on the direction of the last journey.

WHERE ARE THE FUNDS?

It is believed that Mme. Pascal may have been taken to a villa at Senlis, which was rented by Bluebeard.

What did Landru do with the money that he longed to his victims?

A systematic search is being carried out in Paris and elsewhere to discover a safe which he is said to have rented at a bank, probably under one of his many aliases.

To-day or to-morrow the magistrate, M. Bonin, travels to Gambais, where he will supervise further careful examination of the grounds in the hope of discovering a body.

This last is of great importance, as without a corpse there is great difficulty, according to French legal opinion, in charging Landru with murder.

NEWS ITEMS.

Admiral Jellicoe arrived at Simla on April 24, says Reuters.

U.S. Camouflage Camp at Maladiere has been destroyed by fire.

Lord Reading will sail from New York for Europe on May 3.—Reuters.

Birmingham Boy Scouts are this week trying to collect £5,000 for a memorial for scouts fallen in the war.

Wireless Plants.—Plants perceive and respond to the long ether waves used in wireless signalling.—Sir Ugaish Jones, Presidency College, Madras.

The 5,000 Australian troops who marched through London on Friday will again represent their country in the Dominions march next Saturday.

War-Time Hostery.—Further production of war-time hostery will not be authorised after manufacturers have completed their current contracts, announces the Minister of Munitions.

R.A.F. Captain's Dog.—For landing a fox-terrier at Hull from Holland without a licence from the Board of Agriculture, Captain J. J. D'Arcy Levy, R.A.F., stationed at Wallington, was fined £10 and £2 2s. costs at Croydon on Saturday.

Tragedy of Inventor.—Captain Macrocchie, whose body was discovered on Saturday hanging from a beam in a shed at the rear of the Wesleyan Chapel in Kingston-on-Thames, was the inventor of the orthoptic sight (a contrivance in general use among rifle shots).

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI. W. H. BERRY. "THE BOY." Tonight, at 8. Mats. Wed and Sat, at 2.
AMBAASSADORS. LEE WHITE in new song show "US." Evenings, 8.30. Mats. Fri and Sat, 2.45.
APOLLO. Ger. 3243. Evenings, at 8. Mats. Tues, Fri, Sat, 2.30. OH, JOY! New Musical Play.
BEECHAM OPERA SEASON. GRUY LANE. To-night, 8.30. "Macon Lescart." Tues, 8.15. "The Seraglio."
COMEDY. Evenings, at 8.15. "PAIS DE L'ES." A Musical Entertainment. Matinee, Mon, Fri, Sat, 2.30.
COURT. Nightly, at 7.45. Mats. Weds, at 2.15. "School for Scandal." "Twelfth Night." Sat. Mats, 2.15.
CRITERION. Nightly, 8.30. OUR MR. HEPPLEWHITE. Mary Webb, Wontner, etc.
DALY'S. THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS. George Collins. Nightly, at 8. Matinee, Tues, Sat, at 2.
DUKE OF YORK'S. THE MAN FROM ROMANO. George Tully, Iris Hely. Mats. Tues and Sat, at 2.30.
GARRICK. Evenings, 8. Mats. Tues and Sat, 2.30. C. J. Cochran presents Robert Lorraine as Cyrano de Bergerac. Globe-Marie Lohr. Nightly, at 8.15. "VICTORY."
HAYMARKET. Nightly, at 8. "UNCLE SAM." A Comedy of American Life. Mat. Wed, at 2.30.
HIS MAJESTY'S. CHU CHIN CHOW. Nightly, 7.30. Matinee, Mon, Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2.15.
KINGSWAY. Ger. 3243. Wed, Thurs, 8. Mats. Weds, Sat, 2.15. Lillah McCarthy in "JUDITH" by Arnold Bennett.
LONDON PAVILION. C. B. Cochran's "AS YOU WERE." Evenings, 8.30. Mat. Wed and Sat, 2.30.
LYCEUM. THE FEMALE HUN. Twice Daily, 8.30 and 7.30. Thurs, 7.15. CHART WHEEL.
LYRIC. DORIS KEANE in "ROMEO AND JULIET." Nightly, 8.15. Mats. Wed and Sat, 2.15.
LYRIC. HAMMERSMITH. Evenings, 8. Mats. Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2.30. ABRAHAM LINCOLN. By John Drinkwater.
MASKEDLY'S THEATRE OF MYSTERY. "The Mystery of the House." 8.30 and 8.15. May 15-16.
NEW. 8.30 and 8.15. "THE HOUSE OF LIL." Brathwaite, L. M. Lion, S. Thorndike. Mats. M, Th, Sat, 2.30. New 3 additional Mats weekly, Tues, Wed, Fri, 2.30.
PRINCE OF WALES. "The Night Watch." Fisher Wild. OXFORD. Evenings, 8.30. "IN THE NIGHT WATCH." Mat. Thurs, at 8.30.
PLAYHOUSE. Nightly, 8. "THE NAUGHTY WIFE." Gladys Cooper. Mats. Thurs, Sat, 2.30.
PRINCE'S THEATRE. MONTEZ DE CAJARI. Andre Messager's Romantic Opera. Mat. Wed, Sat, 2.15.
QUEEN'S. OWEN NARES. Evenings, at 8.15. Wed and Sat, at 2.30.

ROYAL GIFTS.

Wedding Present from the King and Queen to Miss Asquith.

PEACE ENVOY AS BEST MAN.

The wedding of Prince Bibesco and Miss Elizabeth Asquith will take place on Wednesday.

Queen Alexandra and Princess Victoria will be present, and M. Misu, Rumanian Peace Envoy in Paris, will be best man.

The bride's presents include a beautiful gift from the King and Queen. It is an enamel brooch with the initials "G. M." inset in diamonds and surmounted by a diamond and ruby crown.

An amethyst pendant strung on a silver chain is the gift of Queen Alexandra.

Lord Rosebery has sent a massive table, and Mr. and Mrs. McKenna a valuable Italian table.

Miss Asquith has always been a book-lover, and many scarce first editions—including one of Byron's "Child Harold," the gift of Mr. Duff Cooper—figure in the list of presents.

Sir John Lavery and Sir Philip Burne-Jones have both sent examples of their own work.

Prince Bibesco's gifts to his future bride include a moire and diamond bandeau, a diamond chain with flexible tassels, a diamond ring, a Persian lamb-fur coat, an ermine coat, a gold purse bag and a diamond brooch.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Budget Influences—New Issue Prices—Buying of Russians.

From Our City Editor.

THE CITY, Saturday.

The disposition evinced on the Oil Market to take profits is a healthy development, but has disclosed the artificial character of the rise in price in many of the lower-priced shares. The quiet rally in the F and R, however, shows that the "oil boom" is not yet over.

The impending Budget has been probably a more important factor for most markets than the Italian difficulty. The industrial revival here is fire.

Buying of Russian bonds is based upon news from Siberia, the Ukraine and North Russia all confirming that Bolshevism is collapsing.

Several new issues, although considerably over-subscribed, have quickly relapsed to discounts, on the market indicating that many applicants have been seeking quick profits rather than investment.

Handley-Page and Debenhams new preference shares are both at discounts. Although the latter give a well-secured 6½ per cent., as £4 paid, they are only saleable at 70s. per cent.

Whitehead Aircraft £1 ordinary are only 10s. 6d. New issues pending include debentures of the Burnham Queensland Corporation, the largest producer of Wolfram in the Empire.

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Early this week 225,000 7½ per cent. Cumulative Participating Preference shares of £1 each, the unissued part of the total authorised preference capital of £200,000, will be offered for sale at 2½s. per share by the British and Allied Investments Corporation, Ltd., through the National Provincial and Union Bank of England, Ltd., who will receive applications.

The profits of the company for the year ended September 30, 1918, were £68,180; this sum includes nothing in respect of the company's large interests in other paper mills, the profits of which have been certified since at £48,442 for the last completed year.

The board of directors includes Mr. F. E. R. Becker, chairman, and Mr. Stanley Cousins, deputy chairman.

BOLSHEVIST "LOVE COUPON."

M. Serge Pensky, the Russian writer, declares that in the province of Vladimir "free love" was decreed by the Bolsheviks as obligatory, and women and girls of the "bourgeoisie" were ordered to place themselves at the disposal of men provided with the Bolshevik "love coupon."

"Sisters of all countries, give us your precious help! The women of Russia are in agony," runs an appeal issued by the Union of Russian Women.—Wireless Press.

ROYALTY. 8.15. Mat. Th, Sat, 2.30. CÉSARE'S WIFE, by W. R. Mingham. Play Company, C. A. Smith, Eva Moore, ST. JAMES. "THE MAN FROM ROMANO." Evenings, at 8.30. Matinee, Wed, Sat, at 2.30.
ST. MARK'S. 8.15. "THE VERY IDEAL A Paris." If you are over 21 see this. Evenings, 8. Mats. Tues, Fri, Sat, 2.30. SAVOY. Ger. 3266. "BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE." With York and Leonard. At 8. Mats. Wed, Th, Sat, 2.30. SCALA. Thurs, Next, 8. "THE BLACK FEATHER." First Mat. Sat, Next, 2.30.
SHAFTESBURY. "YES, UNCLE!" Musical Comedy. Evenings, 8. Mats. Wed and Sat, at 2.
STARD. ARTHUR BOURCHIER in "SCANDAL." Evenings, 8. Mats. Wed, Thurs, Sat, 2.30.
VAUDEVE. 8.15. Nelson Kelly's "BUZZ BUZZ." Reviews. Margaret Bannerman. Mon, Tu, Th, Fri, 8.2.30. WINDHAM'S. "THE LAW DIVINE." A Comedy by H. V. Edmond. Nightly, 8.15. Mats. Thurs, Wed, Sat, 2.30. ALHAMBRA. Wed Next, 8.30. Serge Daghiloff's Season of Russian Music. First Mat. Sat, 2.30.
COLISEUM. (Ger. 7541.) 8.30, 7.45. G. P. Hantley, Lole Fuller's Dancing Symples, Harry Tate, Tony Clare.
HOLBORN. 8.15. "THE MAN FROM ROMANO." "THE SHIPLEY KRILOOG." GER. ROPEY, etc. Ger. 650.
THE PALACE. 8.15. "HUTCHINSON." "PUZZLE." L. Brathwaite, L. M. Lion, S. Thorndike, Stanley Lubin.
PALLADIUM. 8.30, 8. and 8.45. Willie Rand, Brian Selings Williams, Percy Iron.
PHILHARMONIC HALL. G. Portland. "WITH CAPT SCOUT IN THE ANTRACT." 2.30.
GRAFTON GALLERIES. W. R. A. P. Exhibition. "War of the Air." Guards Band Daily, 10-6. Sun. 2.30-5.30.
ROMNEY ROOMS. ad. Shaftesbury Hotel, Shaftesbury. At. Cheery, Seals, Danes, Tues, Thurs, Sat, 8.30-12.
DANCING. Clive d'Almeida's grandest. Albert Wallis, Fox Trot, One Step in 3 lessons. £1 1s.-81. Baker-st, W.



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Daily Mirror

Monday, April 28, 1919.

THE RHINE ARMY'S HOLIDAY



They found a place on the tramway cars.



Off for a row on the Cologne "Serpentine."



All the fun of the fair.—(Official photographs.)

These photographs, which have just arrived, show how the British soldiers in Cologne spent Easter.



HARROW TUCK SHOP.—Mr. R. A. Gillett, the proprietor of the well-known tuck shop in West-street, Harrow, states that, despite rumours, he is carrying on business as usual.



WELSH REVIVALIST.—Pastor Stephen Jeffreys, of Llanelly, an ex-minor, who is conducting a revival in Wales. A follower of Evan Roberts, he obtained 600 converts at one meeting.

LORD DERBY'S LUNCH TO ADMIRAL BEATTY AT PARIS.



Group taken specially for *The Daily Mirror* at the British Embassy, Paris, after the luncheon given by Lord Derby (extreme right) in honour of Sir David Beatty. Left to right seated, Lady Derby, Sir David, Mme. Leygues, the Premier, Lady Beatty and M. Leygues, the French Naval Minister.



Mr. Matheson Lang.



Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry.



Miss Hilma Bayley.

MR. MATHESON LANG'S NEW PLAY.—Three photographs showing the striking dresses which will be worn by the principals in "Carnival," to be produced at Birmingham.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)



ARTIST WAITER.—Mr. Bate, a 1914 volunteer, who has just been demobilised from the R.A.F., is a waiter, whose hobby is painting. He is entirely self-taught, but has been awarded six diplomas. He once waited on the King and Queen, when, as Prince and Princess of Wales, they visited Princetown, Devon.



FIRE AT A FOOTBALL MATCH.—While a cup final was in progress at Plymouth the grand stand burst into flames and considerable damage was done.